

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?  
*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.  
*King.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?  
*War.* 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.  
*King.* Laud be to heauen:  
 Euen there my life must end.  
 It hath bene prophes'd to me many yeares,  
 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:  
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.  
 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
 In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, and Page, and Dancie.*

*Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.  
*What Dancie, I say.*  
*Fal.* You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.  
*Shal.* I will not excuse you: you shall not be excus'd.  
 Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall  
 serue: you shall not be excus'd.  
*Why Dancie.*  
*Dancie.* Heere sir.  
*Shal.* Dancie, Dancie, Dancie, let me see (Dancie) let me see:  
*William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dancie.* Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee  
 seru'd, and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with  
 Wheate?  
*Shal.* With red Wheate *Dancie*. But for *William Cooke*:  
 are there no yong Pigeons?  
*Dancie.* Yes sir.  
 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,  
 And Plough-Irons.  
*Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dancie.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucker must needs bee  
 had: And sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*  
 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*  
 Fayre?  
*Shal.* He shall answer it:  
 Some Pigeons *Dancie*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a  
 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tyme Kickshawes,  
 tell *William Cooke*.  
*Dancie.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?  
*Shal.* Yes *Dancie*.  
 I will vse him well. A Friend in Court, is better then a  
 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dancie*, for they are ar-  
 rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.  
*Dancie.* No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they  
 haue maruellous fowle linnen.  
*Shallow.* Well conceited *Dancie*: about thy Businesse,  
*Dancie*.  
*Dancie.* I beseech you sir,  
 To countenance *William Visor* of *Wontor*, against *Cle-*  
*ment Perkes* of the hill.  
*Shal.* There are many Complaints *Dancie*, against that  
*Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue; on my know-  
 ledge.

*Dancie.* I graunt your Worshipp, that he is a knaue Sir:  
 But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue forme  
 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man fir-  
 seru'd your Worshipp truly sir, these eight yeares: and  
 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,  
 against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with  
 your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest friend Sir,  
 therefore I beseech your Worshipp, let him bee Coun-  
 nanc'd.

*Shal.* Go too.  
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dancie*.  
 Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worshipp.  
*Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master  
*Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow.

*Falstaffe.* Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.  
*Bardolfe.* look to our Hostles. If I were law'd into  
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded  
 Hermites stayes, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull  
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens-spices,  
 and his: They by obseruing of him, do beare themselves  
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is  
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruing-man. Their spices are  
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-  
 ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-  
 ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster *Shallow*, I  
 would humour his men, with the imputation of being  
 neere their Master. If to his Men, I would currie with  
 Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his  
 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-  
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-  
 nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to  
 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing  
 out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Termes) or two Ac-  
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Interuallums*. O it is much  
 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde  
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache  
 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face  
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

*Shal.* Sir *Iohn*.  
*Falst.* I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord  
 Chiefe Iustice.*

*Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-  
 ther away?  
*Ch. Iust.* How doth the King?  
*Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares  
 Are now, all ended.  
*Ch. Iust.* I hope, not dead.  
*Warw.* Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,  
 And to our purposes, he liues no more.  
*Ch. Iust.* I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,  
 The seruice, that I truly did his life,  
 Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.  
*Ch. Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
 To welcome the condition of the Time,  
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester,  
 and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:  
 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper  
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
 That must strike faile, to Spirits of wilde sort?  
*Ch. Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.  
*Iohn.* Good morrow Cofin *Warwick*, good morrow.  
*Glow. Cla.* Good morrow, Cofin.  
*Iohn.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.  
*War.* We do remember: but our Argument  
 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.  
*Iohn.* Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy  
*Ch. Iust.* Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.  
*Glow. O.* good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:  
 And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face  
 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.  
*Iohn.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
 You stand in coldest expectation.  
 I am the forrier, would't were otherwise.  
*Ch. Iust.* Well, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,  
 Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.  
*Ch. Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
 Led by th' Imperiall Condukt of my Soule,  
 And neuer shall you see, that I will begge  
 A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.  
 If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,  
 Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,  
 And tell him, who hath sent me after him.  
*War.* Heere comes the Prince.

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch. Iust.* Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty  
*Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,  
 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.  
 Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:  
 This is the English, not the Turkish Court:  
 Not *Amurrah*, an *Amurrah* succeeds,  
 But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)  
 For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:  
 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,  
 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,  
 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,  
 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)  
 Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.  
 For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)  
 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:  
 Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;  
 But weepe that *Harrie*'s dead, and so will I.  
 But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares  
 By number, into houres of Happinesse.  
*Iohn, &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.  
*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,  
 You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.  
*Ch. Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)  
 Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.  
*Pr.* Not How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate?  
 Th'immediate  
 May this be w  
*Ch. Iust.* I  
 The Image of  
 And in th'adm  
 Whiles I was  
 Your Highnes  
 The Maiesty,  
 The Image of  
 And strooke m  
 Whereon (as  
 I gaue bold w  
 And did com  
 Be you conten  
 To haue a Son  
 To plucke dow  
 To trip the co  
 That guards th  
 Nay more, to  
 And mocke yo  
 Question you  
 Be now the Fa  
 Heare your ow  
 See your most  
 Behold your  
 And then ima  
 And in your p  
 After this cold  
 And, as you ar  
 What I haue  
 My person, on  
*Prin.* You  
 Therefore still  
 And I do wish  
 Till you do li  
 Offend you, a  
 So shall I liue  
 Happy am I,  
 That dares do  
 And no lesse h  
 That would d  
 Into the hand  
 For which, I  
 Th'frustrated  
 With this Re  
 With the like  
 As you haue  
 You shall be  
 My voice shal  
 And I will sto  
 To your well  
 And Princes  
 My Father is  
 (For in his Te  
 And with his  
 To mocke the  
 To frustrate  
 Rotten Opin  
 After my fec  
 Hath proude  
 Now doth it  
 Where it shal  
 And flow hen  
 Now call we  
 And let vs ch